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Looking a Fine Art That Has Too Few Devotees.

BY BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

"I am thoroughly out of patience with the J—s," said the Spinster Lady.

"Are you? what is the matter with them now?" asked her best friend.

"They are so absorbed by high art that they cannot see the dust and general discomfort that has accumulated in their apartment."

"Have you just come from there?"

"Yes. I had not seen them for some time, so I dropped in at tea time. Such a mess you never saw! Mrs. J— was embroidering a centerpiece, a most elaborate affair; Anna was painting an impossible sunset, and Laura was fairly mad, looking up references for a lecture she is to give next week."

"The tiny kitchen was full of unwashed dishes, and everywhere there was untidiness and discomfort. Just after I got there Mr. J— came home, and I wish you could have seen the hopeless look on his face."

"Poor man; how he must hate it!"

"Of course he hates it. Any man would. His wife does exquisite embroidery, but she forgets to darn the holes in his socks, or to sew the buttons on his clothes."

"Who does the cooking?"

"Oh, Mrs. J— and the girls do it, in a sort of way. They forget all about dinner until the last moment, and then one of the girls rushes out to the nearest shop and buys something that won't take long to cook. They have canned things most of the time."

"Why doesn't Mr. J— put his foot down and say he won't live in such discomfort?"

"Well, you know how helpless men are in ways of that kind. He is tremendously proud of them all, and seems to think that he must not interfere with their artistic efforts."

He had a wretched cold tonight and needed to be put to bed and taken care of; but no one seemed to notice how miserable he felt. He looks as though he were about half starved."

"Do you know," said the Spinster Lady's friend, "that it is dreadful to think how many men are living in poorly kept homes? So few women realize how very important it is that their husbands should be well fed. Of course, if a woman has no money, she can't buy food; but there is a deal of money squandered by women who don't know how to spend it."

"Yes," said the Spinster Lady, "there is; and I wish I could make girls appreciate how much of an art good cooking is."

"Why don't you talk to them about it?"

"I have, and I am going to keep on talking. I am going to say: 'Learn to cook and keep house first, and then go in for embroidery and high art.'"

"The woman who is making a home happy and comfortable is doing far more creditable work than she who is so taken up with artistic efforts that she can't see the humble duties that lie plainly before her."

An Amazon of the Virginia Mountains.

The celebrated hunter of the mountainous section are Bob Eastham, Julie Baker, a woman, and Louis Chidester. There is a law to protect deer, but it is not observed. Out of season venison is called mountain mutton. Julie Baker is the wife of John Baker and lives near the mouth of Black Water Fork. She can handle a Winchester with the dexterity and precision of her old man and hundreds of deer and bear have fallen victims to the unerring bullets from her rifle. Bob Eastham said he saw her plunging down the mountain side through six inches of snow one day with two rifles and a bear trap strapped to her back and followed by six dogs. She ran three miles to a point where she thought a deer in full chase would cross and got there in time to see her husband kill him. She is a big black haired woman, very industrious, with a heart as big as her foot, and she is the mother of seven children. A few months ago, for a silver dollar, she carried a valise weighing over 100 pounds seven miles for an engineer. It is said that on one occasion she carried a sewing machine from Gafton to her home, a distance of sixty miles.

KETCHUP FOR LIFE.

When I was a boy they spelled it "catsup," but "ketchup" will do for this story. The article is made over in New Jersey, and has an enormous sale. A dear old lady in Connecticut heard of it, and, having a reputation in the neighborhood for making ketchup, determined to try it. A bottle was purchased in the village, and on the following morning Aunt Jemima started for New Jersey. Arriving at the factory she called for the proprietor, informed him that his ketchup was, if anything, a little better than hers, and as she didn't propose to be outdone at home she wanted his recipe. It was the first time she had ever heard of a ketchup being better than hers. The proprietor said, smiling at her innocence: "My dear madam, I cannot give you my recipe, but if you will leave your name and address I will see that you get as many bottles of ketchup every season as you may want all the rest of your life." She returned home only half satisfied but the first installment of a dozen quart bottles eased her troubled spirit.—New York Press.

What Right Have You To Judge.

BY HERBERT KAUFMAN.

What have you made of yourself? What have you done for the world? Whom have you helped on the up road? What sacrifices have you endured, to justify the right to claim principle? How many times have you resisted the sale of your honor? How often have you kept your word rather than keep an unfair dollar or take an unfair advantage?

Is society any better for your birth? Have you added to the welfare of others?

Suppose you drop the blinders of conceit and take a squint in the mirror of self-revelation. And while you are at it get a good look. See your weaknesses and acknowledge them. They are bound to be found out by some one else because the biting acid of life will sooner or later eat away the plating of hypocrisy and let the real brass of your nature peep through.

Who are you that you have the right to judge anybody? Is your own past so spotless—has your own record been so pure that you're qualified to condemn any man or woman in the tribunal of your complacency?

Have you known hunger and privation—has your heart been torn and your soul worn by the pressure and the grind of misfortune? Have you been put in positions where temptation cried out with a thousand tongues while necessity knouted with a hundred lashes? Are you so just, so all knowing as to determine how any man or woman shall act.

Circumstances are so peculiar, combinations of events are so misleading that every wheel in the machinery of justice is set to clog at circumstantial evidence.

The jurymen recognizing that his verdict will bring a definite result—that it will send a man to his death or deprive him of his freedom or destroy his good name—argues and pleads and fights with his associates over every doubtful point in the testimony rather than go through life with the responsibility of condemnation.

Don't judge.

First of all, because when it is your province, your own weaknesses should plead for forgiveness of another. And, secondly, because its usually none of your business to stick your nose into affairs that don't concern you.

Bargaining With A Burglar.

A group of his friends were discussing William Winslow Sherman, the old banker, who had died not long ago.

"He had the coolest nerve of any man I know," said one. "Three or four years ago, when Sherman was an old man and partly crippled by reason of a fall from a horse, he entered his bedroom late at night to find a masked burglar ransacking it."

"The thief had a big gun trained on Sherman in a minute. The banker just waved it aside with a tired hand. 'Put that away,' he said irritably. 'Let us discuss the matter like gentlemen.' The burglar was so surprised he laughed. 'Now, you could hurt me if you wanted to, and might get away with some little knick-knacks,' said Sherman. 'But you might get caught, and there's slight probability that you could dispose of my toilet articles profitably. What would you consider a fair cash-proposition to go away?' They talked it over in all peace. The burglar thought he ought to have \$10, but Sherman after inquiring into the man's habits, said \$8 was enough. You see, he said, 'you're a known thief. If this were your first offense I'd pay you your price, but now the police have your picture and you ought to be glad to accept any fair compromise and run no risk.'

"The burglar finally agreed to take \$8. Sherman pulled out a \$10 bill. 'Give me \$2 change,' said he. And he got it before he paid.

The Greater Love.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Hear Thou my prayer, great God of opulence;
Give me no blessings, save as recompense
For blessings which I lovingly bestow
If Wealth, by chance, should on my path appear
Let Wisdom and Benevolence stand near,
And Charity within my portal wait,
To guard me from acquaintance intimate.

Yet in this intricate great art of living
Guide me away from misdirected giving,
And show me how to spur the laggard soul
To strive once more to attain the goal.

Repay my worldly efforts to attain
Only as I develop heart and brain;
Nor brand me with the "Dollar Sign" above
A bosom void of sympathy and love.

If on the carrying winds my name be blown
To any land or time beyond my own,
Let it not be as one who gained the day
By crowding others from the chosen way;
Rather as one who missed the highest place
Pausing to cheer spent runners in the race
To do—to have—is lesser to BE;
The greater boom I ask, dear God, from Thee.

Foolie Again.



Cadle to Foolie (who has slowly backed his way to the first hole)—Well ye be gon' the whole round?
Foolie—Yes, of course. Wy?
Cadle—Only they'll be wantin' the links tomorrow. It's medal day.—Tatter.

Cause For Suspicion.



"Oh, no; I can never trust my husband again. I feel convinced he is carrying on with the cook."

"What makes you think that?"

"Last night he kissed me in the lark."—Fleegende Blatter.

Diabolicalness of Diabolic Diabolo.



The world, the flesh and the d—.

In the Clouds.



The Butler—We've got a burglar in the kitchen, sir.

The Professor (absently)—Ask him to come again. I'm busy just now.

Origin of the Expression "Happy Hunting Grounds."

You often hear or see the expression "happy hunting grounds," and it may be that some of our readers do not know how it originated or what it means. It is the name given to the Indian's heaven, which his imagination paints as a prairie well stocked with buffalo and other game, with no one to molest him or make him afraid. From this belief arose the custom of killing the Indian's pony at the burying ground, so that he may enjoy sport with it forever in the other world, for they also believe that the pony will accompany its dead master. That he may have his weapons ready when he gets there, they bury with him his rifle, his pistol, his bow and his quiver of arrows. Thus equipped he goes to the "happy hunting grounds," where he will enjoy end

Where Four States Meet.

The United States is the only country in the world that has a "four corners," that is to say, a place where four states meet. Look at your atlas and you will see Colorado, Utah, New Mexico and Arizona touching each other. At no other place on the globe do four states, territories or provinces unite to form such a junction.

The spot is on a spur of the Carizo mountains, and few tourists visit it, because it is not easily accessible and, because comparatively few people think about it, a monument marks it, however, erected by the government surveyors. The point is reached by a trail leading from the road from the Navajo Springs in Colorado, in the Ute reservation, to the San Juan river.

The Barber's Pole.

How many of you can tell why a barber has a red and white striped pole as a sign? In the olden time barbers were also surgeons in a small way, particularly in the operation of bleeding. To assist the operation it was necessary for the patient to grasp a staff, and the barber always kept one ready, as well as strips of cloth for bandaging the patient's arm. When the staff was not in use the bandage was tied to it so that they might be together when wanted, and the barber usually hung them at his door as a sign. In the course of time, however, a painted pole took the place at the door of the one used in the operation, and thus came the sign.

In a Way.



"The baby sees learning so French, yes, madame."

"He's learned the gestures anyway."

—Harper's Weekly.

A Setter.



"What kind of a dog is that, my boy?"

"It's a setter. Can't you see him, et?"

A Dilemma's Horns.

The young lady sighed deeply and was almost affected to tears.

"Harold," she said, "declares that if I don't marry him he will end his life, and I am afraid he will."

She stifled a sob, then continued: "And Randolph declares that if I don't marry him he will go into politics and become great and famous, and then he says I shall see what I have missed, and I am afraid he will keep his word too."

Overcome by emotion, she buried her face in her hands, not knowing whether to save a life or to spare the country another politician.

The First Census.

The idea of the census originated among the Romans, when a group of the many functions performed by the high officer called censor received the name of census. It was taken every five years and indicated not only the number of the respective classes of the people, but their domestic positions as husbands, wives, fathers, mothers, sons and daughters. The first modern nation to take up the census was the United States of America in 1790. The first British census was in 1801, but this did not include Ireland.